

THE LIFE,
WORK AND SERMONS
OF
MOODY



ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY





D.L. Moody.

FROM ONE OF HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE, WORK AND SERMONS
OF
DWIGHT L. MOODY
THE
GREAT EVANGELIST

EDITED BY
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THRÉE BOOKS IN ONE VOLUME.

BOOK I.—Biography of Mr. Moody, by the Editor.

BOOK II.—With Moody in Chicago, by H. M. Wharton, D.D.

BOOK III.—Sermons and Addresses of Mr. Moody.

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DEDICATION.

To the People of America, without regard to territorial limits, political opinions, or religious predilections, whose heart the subject of this sketch has won, whose ideal has been elevated by his labor and his teaching, whose life has been greatly influenced for good, for time and eternity, is this volume respectfully dedicated.

PREFACE.

A New York man wrote to an influential friend in Chicago to get a situation or clerkship for a young acquaintance whose father was president of a bank in the great Eastern city. The Chicago man replied that out there they never asked who a man's father was, for every man was his own daddy.

This tendency to make light of one's surroundings and antecedents is seen in another form in those who have no regard for the past, who know no history beyond yesterday, who live only in the present, who imagine that they have wholly made themselves, and who dream that the present generation only deserves credit for the glory of these closing years of the nineteenth century.

The steps cannot all be traced in the making of a good and great man; it would be instructive and interesting if possible. It is beyond our reach to consider all the influences at work to make such a character as that of Dwight L. Moody, but we do not venture when we affirm that the civilization alone even of this wonderful age could not have produced him. He and the widely extended and permanent work he performed were the product mainly of Christianity, which he lived and labored to promote.

"It is interesting to trace the course of the young man born in obscurity and of humble parentage to any exalted position

in life, and there are many such. Our own country affords an opportunity beyond all others for the poor and friendless boy to become great by his own exertions, unaided by the favor of men, to lift himself from the lowliest position to the loftiest place and to the enjoyment of riches, power and honor. The biography of Dwight L. Moody furnishes a remarkable instance of a young man of no education, no position, no influence, no wealth, no great friends, advancing step by step over every obstacle, until he becomes a great and successful worker, a masterful leader, a mighty preacher, a great mover of men, and speaking to vast audiences of people collected by his name and held by his wonderful power and rugged eloquence—proving himself to be the Greatest Evangelist of the Nineteenth Century.

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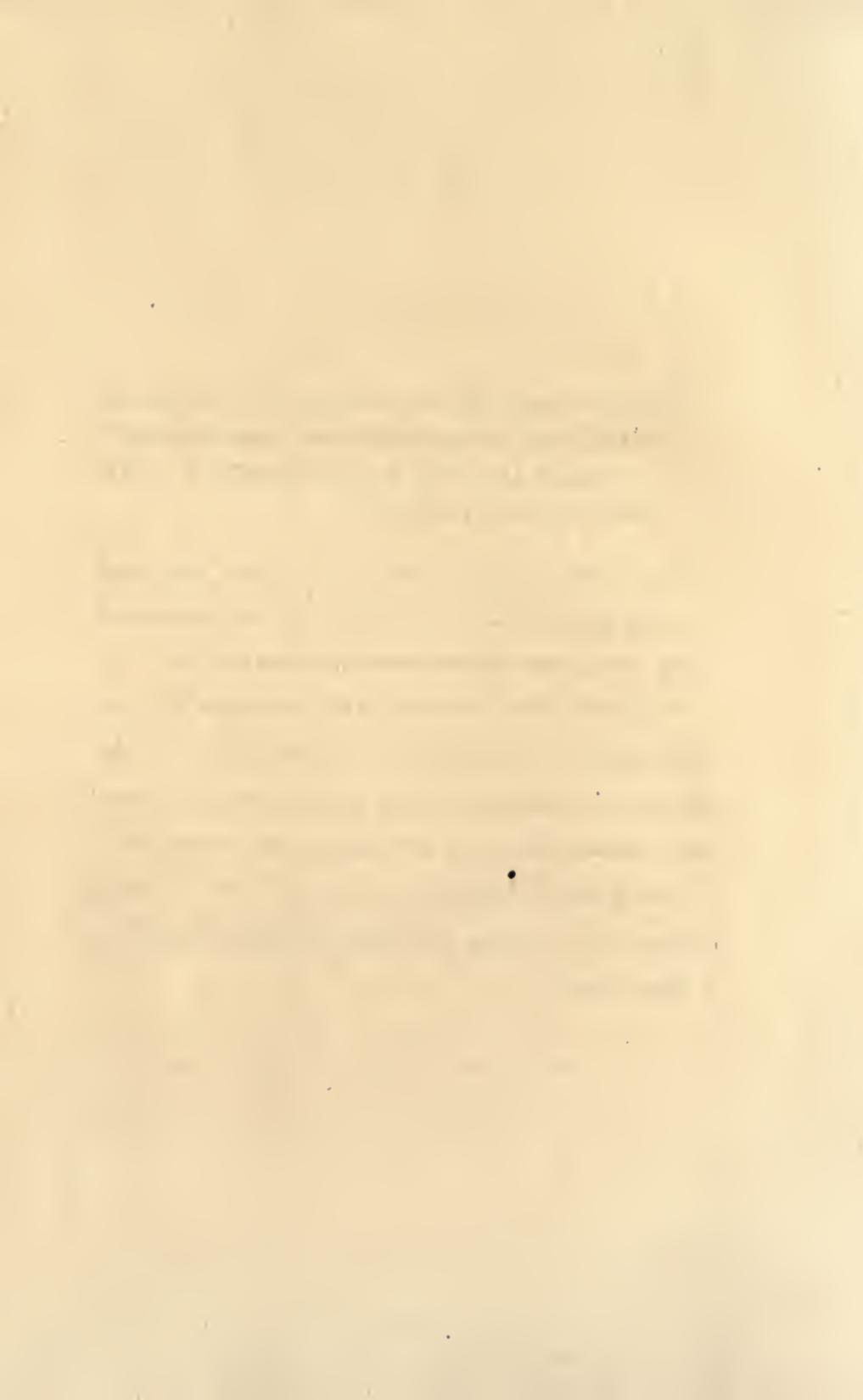
SERMONS AND ADDRESSES OF D. L. MOODY..
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TESTIMONY to the life and character of Mr. D. L. Moody from the distinguished PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and of "The Greatest Thing in the World:"

"I got a treat last night. Moody sat up alone with me till 1 o'clock telling me the story of his life. He told me the whole thing. A reporter might have made a fortune out of it."

"I hope you will see something of Moody when he is in your neighborhood in the early year. My admiration of him has increased a hundred-fold. I had no idea before of the moral size of the man, and I think very few know what he really is."

"Moody was the biggest man I ever saw."—*Life of Henry Drummond, by Dr. George Adam Smith, Professor of Free Church College, Glasgow.*



BOOK I.

Biography of D. L. Moody by the Editor.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born February 5, 1837, in Northfield, Mass., in a farmhouse on one of the hill-sides overlooking the beautiful Connecticut Valley. Northfield was first settled in 1673 by thirty English people from Northampton and three from Hadley, who were "straitened for room," and who looked with longing eyes on the fertile meadows where "the grass was very rank; if let alone it grew up to a man's face." Having obtained permission from the General Court of Massachusetts, they purchased the land from the Squakkeag Indians, who were very willing to sell. During the Indian war under King Philip the inhabitants were surprised by the Indians, many massacred and the rest forced for shelter to the stockade. When

rescued they abandoned their ruined settlement. Some of the survivors and the heirs of those dead returned seven years after to rebuild their settlement, which was again in 1688 broken up by Indians hired by the Canadian French. The permanent settlement was effected in 1713. Mr. Moody was the most eminent man the town produced.

Mr. Moody was born of poor parents, who labored hard to secure a bare living from the few acres of land which composed the farm. His father was a stone mason and a small farmer. He was broken down with reverses in business. When Dwight was four years old his father suddenly dropped dead. The widow was left with nine small children looking to her alone for support. She was a woman of remarkable strength of character, and met the trying difficulties of the situation with heroic fortitude. In the strength of the Lord she rose to the duties before her and reared her children. During the long and bitterly cold winters the family were so poor that the children were sometimes obliged to stay in bed until it was time to go to school in order to keep warm, for the supply of fuel was small and uncertain. She was urged to put her children into different homes on account of her extreme poverty, but preferred to keep her little flock together, which she managed to do by tilling, by their help, the little garden

and doing what work she could do for her neighbors.

Mr. Moody often has pathetically spoken of this period of his life. He says:

"There is no subject in the Bible that takes stronger hold on me than that of the wandering sinner. It enters so deeply into my own life. It comes right into my very family. The first thing I remember is the death of my father. It was a lovely day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me. After my father's death the creditors came and took everything. One calamity after another swept over the household. The next thing that I remember was that twins were added to the family and my mother was taken sick. And the next thing occurred in our family that impressed itself on my young mind was that my eldest brother, to whom my mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness and in her great affliction, all at once left home and became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and was seized with the belief that all he had to do to make his fortune was to go away, and away he went. I need not tell you how my mother mourned for her boy, how she longed and waited day by day and month by month for his return. Night after

night she watched and wept and prayed. How eagerly she looked for tidings of that boy! Many a time we were told to go to the postoffice to see if a letter had not come from him, but we had to bring back the words that increased the sorrow of her heart, 'No letter yet, mother.' Many a time I have waked up in the night and heard her pray, 'Oh, God, bring back my boy!' Often she would lift up her heart to God in prayer for her lost son. When winter came, and some nights when the blast of winter came, and the high wind began to blow around the house, and the storm to rage without, she would tremble at every gust, and would show in her troubled face her anxious thoughts and terrible fears, and would pray for the son who had treated her so unkindly, and would utter in piteous tones, 'Oh, my dear boy; perhaps he is now on the ocean this fearful night. Oh, God, preserve him.' We would huddle together around the fire on an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would talk for hours about him. But if the name of our eldest brother was by chance mentioned, then all would be hushed, for she never spoke of him except with tears. She would try to conceal them, but in vain. I used to think she loved him better than all of us put together, and I believe she did. When Thanksgiving Day would come she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her

friends and neighbors gave him up, but mother had faith to believe she would see him again. Her family grew up and her boys left home. When I got so I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day, while in Boston, the news reached me that he had returned. While in that city I remember how I used to look for him in every store—he had a mark on his face—but I never got any trace. One day, in the middle of summer, while my mother was sitting at the home door, a stranger was seen coming towards the house, and when he came to the door he stopped. He came upon the east piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. My mother did not start or rise; she didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face. When my mother saw those tears she knew her boy and cried, 'Oh, it's my lost son!' and entreated him to come in. But he stood still. 'No, mother,' he said, 'I will not come in until I hear that you have forgiven me.' She rushed to the threshold, threw her arms around him, wept upon his shoulder as the prodigal's father did, and breathed forgiveness. When I heard of it a thrill of joy shot through me."

In his boyhood Dwight attended the district school which was near his home. The paths of wisdom and

knowledge had very few attractions for him, and he firmly held to the sentiment of the old rhyme beginning "Multiplication is vexation." The only thing in which he seemed to excel was mischief, being more fond of fun than of study, and the only strong element in his character was his loving devotion to his mother, which held his wild impulses in check. He grew to be a strong, self-willed youth, and worked on the farm the most of the time. The little schooling Dwight received was not greatly enjoyed, and his distaste for school and study was greatly strengthened, because the teacher was a man of violent temper, which he made no effort to control, and who severely used a rattan on the boys' backs upon the least provocation. In after years Mr. Moody told how a happy change took place in that school. He says: "After a while there was somebody who began to get up a movement in favor of controlling the school children by love. I remember how we thought of the good time we should have that winter, when the rattan would be banished from school. We thought we would then have all the fun we wanted. I remember who the teacher was—a lady—and she opened the school with prayer. We hadn't seen it so done before, and it impressed us, especially when she prayed that she might have grace and strength to rule the school with love. The school went



MR. MOODY AT MORNING COUNCIL, CAMP NORTHEFIELD.



ROUND TOP, NORTHLAND.



Dr. Moody's House

MR. MOODY'S HOME, NORTHFIELD.



AUDITORIUM—INTERIOR VIEW, NORTHFIELD.



AUDITORIUM, NORTHLAND.

on for several weeks, and we saw no rattan; but at last the rules were broken, and I think that I was the first boy to break them. She requested me to wait till after school, when she would see me. I thought the rattan was coming out to be used at last, and I stretched myself up in warlike attitude. But after school she sat down by me and told me how she loved me, and how she had prayed to be able to rule that school by love, and concluded by saying, 'I want to ask you one favor --that is, if you love me, try and be a good boy;' and I never gave her trouble again."

This school incident shows that Dwight was susceptible to kindness. Another story shows how tender his young heart was to good impressions. There was an old man in the place who was in the habit of giving every new boy who came to the town a new penny. One day the old man put his hand on Dwight's head and said to him, "You have a Father in heaven, my boy." He never forgot the pressure of that hand.

Moody's acquirements made at school were very meager. He could read only in a stumbling fashion, and could probably master not much more than a simple problem in arithmetic requiring a knowledge merely of the first four rules. The rules of grammar had very little influence upon him, and his speech abounded in the idioms of the country district in which

he lived. He had physical strength and muscles developed by constant exercise at labor and play, and he had undaunted courage, but he was in appearance uncouth and awkward.

CHAPTER II.

IN BOSTON.

When Dwight Moody became seventeen years of age he concluded that he had had enough of school and all the education he needed, and that the time had come for him to go forth into the wide world to seek his fortune. Farming in Northfield among the rocks was hard and unprofitable. Having obtained his mother's consent, he started off in search of employment. He first went to Clifton, where he had a brother a clerk in a store, but there being no opening, he went to Boston and lived at his uncle's, Lemuel Holton, while looking for a situation. He had two uncles in Boston, Lemuel and Samuel Holton. He hoped to get a place without their help. For a time he was unsuccessful in finding work, and endured the bitter experience of the homeless boy and of solitude in a great city, surrounded by multitudes of people.

Of this period of his life and of his sad experience he thus speaks: "I went to the postoffice two or three times a day to see if there was a letter for me. I knew there was not, as there was but one mail a day. I had not any

employment, and was very homesick, and so went constantly to the postoffice, thinking, perhaps, when the mail did come in, my letter had been mislaid. At last, however, I got a letter. It was from my youngest sister—the first letter she ever wrote me. I opened it with a light heart, thinking there was some good news from home, but the burden of the whole letter was that she had heard there were pickpockets in Boston, and warned me to take care of them. I thought I had better get some money in hand first, and then I might take care of pickpockets."

After a prolonged struggle, young Moody, just as he was thinking of a tramp to New York, succeeded in securing a situation in the boot and shoe store of his uncle, Samuel Holton, his mother's brother. At first his uncle had been unwilling to take him, because he had visited Northfield and knew of Dwight's wildness. He feared to have trouble with him on account of the boy's wilful disposition. When Dwight went to him, however, he agreed to employ him, provided he would agree to certain conditions—that he should be governed by his uncle's judgment in matters and not by his own, that he should heed his advice, and that he should attend regularly the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday-school. The boy chafed under these, to him, severe restrictions, but he was in no condition to rebel—

his money was exhausted, and he was reduced to submission. Doubtless he came afterwards to see the benefits these trials were to him. But his trials were not over. His manners in the store, and methods of doing business, which were original, to say the least, were a shock to Boston customers and the cause of criticism from other clerks. He acted upon the notion that he must fight his way everywhere. But before long he was selling more goods than any of them. While the other clerks were spending their time in chatting, he spent his spare time out of doors, in successful search of purchasers for his goods.

Young Moody had attended the Unitarian Church at home, of which Rev. Oliver Everett was the pastor and of which his mother was a member, but in accordance with the wishes of his uncle he attended the preaching of the learned and eloquent Dr. E. N. Kirk, pastor of the Mount Vernon Congregationalist Church. His able sermons had their influence, but Moody's devoted Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, most influenced him then and in his future life.

He was converted under Mr. Kimball's faithful labors and teachings and his tact to win the boy's confidence. One day he came into the store where Dwight Moody was employed, and going behind the counter, placed his hand on the boy's shoulder and talked about

his becoming a Christian. This decided it. Such interest touched young Moody's heart, and he soon took a stand on the right side. But trial came again. Years afterwards Mr. Moody was able to return Mr. Kimball's kindness by leading his old teacher's son to Christ, when seventeen years of age, just his own age when young Kimball's father befriended Moody. Soon after Mr. Kimball visited him Moody applied for membership in the church. He continued for months to knock, in vain, at the door of the church for admission, because he failed to satisfy the too cautious officers of the church in his examinations as to doctrine. He could not answer the questions of the good deacons, but he trusted the Saviour and wanted to serve Him in every way in his power. They thought him very "unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness." It was one long half-year he waited before he was received into membership. However, he showed his earnest zeal by beginning at once to speak in the religious meetings of the church, but so ungrammatical was his language, and so uncomplimentary his remarks regarding certain hurtful practices indulged in by fashionable members of the church, that his remarks were offensive to some of the congregation, and he was asked to keep silence and to leave

the speaking and praying to brethren who could do it more acceptably. One lady begged his uncle Lemuel to advise the young man to hold his peace until he was wiser, but his uncle refused to put a straw in his way, but rather rejoiced. He did not heed this request to stop speaking, but did wait for membership of the church; yet he felt restrained and unsuited to his Boston surroundings, and longed for greater freedom of action and speech. Some years afterwards Dr. Kirk was in Chicago attending the meetings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and lodged with and preached for Moody. On his return he called upon Mr. Holton and said: "I told our people last night that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. There is that young Moody, who we thought did not know enough to be in our church and Sunday-school, exerting a greater influence for Christ than any other man in the great Northwest." It was this procrastination that probably turned his thoughts and finally his steps towards the West. He had breathed the free mountain air of Northfield, and he longed for something freer still. Finally, in May, 1855, Moody was received into the church.

Dr. W. H. Daniels records the following: "The Rev. Dr. Savage of Chicago relates an incident which occurred during Mr. Moody's second visit to England,

when he took a good-natured revenge upon one of those very deacons.

"At one of his great meetings in Exeter Hall he espied his old friend sitting in a corner away back under the gallery. The good man, traveling for his health, had seen the notice of the meeting, and, partly out of curiosity to see what the man could do, he attended the service, taking a seat where he felt sure Moody would not see him. But just before closing the meeting Mr. Moody exclaimed :

" 'I see in the house an eminent Christian gentleman from Boston. Deacon Palmer, come right forward to the platform ; the people want to hear from you.'

"The deacon shook his head, but Moody was inexorable ; so there was nothing for him to do but to accept the situation and face the audience. He commenced by saying that he had known Mr. Moody in Boston in early life ; had been, in fact, a member of the same church with him, and was very glad of his great success in the service of the Lord, when Moody suddenly burst out with the remark :

" 'Yes, deacon, and you kept me out of that church for six months because you thought I did not know enough to join it.'

"The effect of such a speech under such circumstances can be better imagined than described. But the

deacon was too old a speaker to be silenced by such a retort, though he found it difficult to be heard on account of the laughter which followed it. The audience, he said, must agree with him that it was a great privilege to have received Mr. Moody into the church at all, even though with great misgivings and after long delay."

Moody carried to the city those elements of success that characterized his early life at home. He had the rich inheritance of a vigorous constitution, boundless ambition and animal spirits and a will strong enough to break down all opposition and drive him on to success. His native pride was all the time leading him to undertake things that were far beyond his strength and years. A bold push, aided by ready wit, carried him over many a difficulty before which wiser, but less courageous, persons would hesitate and then despair. His mother used to say, "He used to think himself a man when he was only a boy." The authority of a father was wanting, and he soon came to feel himself his own master. Anything was easier than submission.

Moody began early to feel his dependence on God, even before he went to Boston. Once, when he was crawling under a heavy rail fence, it fell upon him and caught him so that he could not extricate himself. He struggled until he was almost exhausted, and then he

cried for help ; but he was too far from any house to be heard, and no one was near. At last he got out in safety, and gives this account of his escape :

“I tried and tried, and I couldn’t lift them awful heavy rails ; then I hollered for help, but nobody came, and then I began to think I should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone. But I happened to think that, maybe, God would help me, and so I asked Him. And after that I could lift the rails just as easy !”

Young Moody remained in Boston only five months after being received into the membership of the Mount Vernon Church. His brethren hoped that longer experience would tone down his impetuous spirit and make him at length a quiet and orderly Christian, according to their own pattern. But Moody felt that Boston was no place for him and his ways and methods, and finally took his departure.

CHAPTER XV.

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.

"I REMEMBER WHEN MR. SANKEY AND MYSELF WERE IN CHICAGO PREACHING. We had been five Sunday nights on the life of Christ. We had taken Him from the cradle, and on the fifth night we had just got Him up to where we have Him today. He was in the hands of Pilate, and Pilate didn't know what to do with Him. I remember it distinctly, for I made one of the greatest mistakes that night I ever made. After I had nearly finished my sermon, I said, 'I want you to take this home with you, and next Sunday night we will see what you will do with Him.' Well, after awhile the meeting closed, and we had a second meeting. The people gathered in the room, and Mr. Sankey during the service sang a hymn, and as he got down to the verse, 'The Saviour calls, for refuge fly,' I saw I had made a mistake in telling the people that next week they could answer. I saw that it was wrong to put off answering the question. After the meeting closed I started to go home. They were ringing the fire alarm at that time, and it proved to be the death knell of our city. I didn't

know what it meant, and so went home. That night the fire raged through the city, destroying everything in its path, and before the next morning the very hall where we had gathered was in ashes. People rushed through the streets crazed with fear, and some of those who were at the meeting were burned to death. Oh, what a mistake to put off the answer. May God forgive me if I should give them a week to decide that question. It is not safe to delay; answer it today. I seldom come off of this platform but what I hear of some one who is sick, and I do not know how far sickness or death may be from you. 'Today the Saviour calls; for refuge fly.'

"THAT IS THE WAY MEN MAKE OUT THEIR PARDON—FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR—but the Gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to those that have not behaved well. It is offered to all that have sinned and are not worthy. All a man has got to prove now is that he is not worthy, and I will show him that Christ died for him. Christ died for us while we were yet in sin. While we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling about them—that some of them had aunts and some cousins, and that every boy had some friend that took an interest in him, and came to see him and gave him a little

pocket money; and one day, he said, while he stood there a little boy came up to him and said, 'Mr. Spurgeon, let me speak to you,' and the boy sat down between Mr. Spurgeon and the elder who was with the clergyman, and said: 'Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come to give you pocket money and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad—because that's me.' Said Mr. Spurgeon: 'The minute he asked that I put my right hand down into my pocket and took out the money.' Because that's me! And so with the Gospel; we must say to those who have sinned, the Gospel is offered to them.

"LOOK AT THAT MAN GIDEON. He marshaled his army of thirty thousand men to give battle to the Philistines. God said: 'Gideon, your army is too great. My people would be lifted up and they would take the glory upon themselves.' God said to Gideon: 'You just say to the men who are fearful and afraid, "Go home."' And the Lord reduced the army twenty thousand, leaving only ten thousand men. But God said: 'Gideon, you have got too many; if those ten thousand men get victory they will say, "Look what we have done." Just take them down to the water,

and we will try them again. Those that drink it up one way and those that lap it up another, they shall be separated.' Then God took away all but three hundred. God said that was enough. 'If I get a victory with those three hundred I will get the glory.' I would rather have three hundred men in New York whose hearts are right with God than a host who take upon themselves the glory which belongs to the Lord.

"I have no doubt but that some here will say, 'There are so many obstacles in the way, I don't believe we are going to succeed. You won't succeed in New York; it is a very hard place, New York is.' If God is with us we are going to succeed. If we take God out of our plans we are going to fail, and we ought to fail. Is not the God of our fathers strong enough to take this city and shake it as a little child? There is not a skeptic in the city of New York but what the power of God can reach.

"When we were in Philadelphia we almost failed for a few weeks. The crowds were so great that many of those who attended the meetings spent most of their time in watching the people. We could not get their eyes toward the cross for a long time. By and by, when the holidays came on, the numbers began to fall off, and it was the best thing for us. It was what we wanted, so that men could think of God.

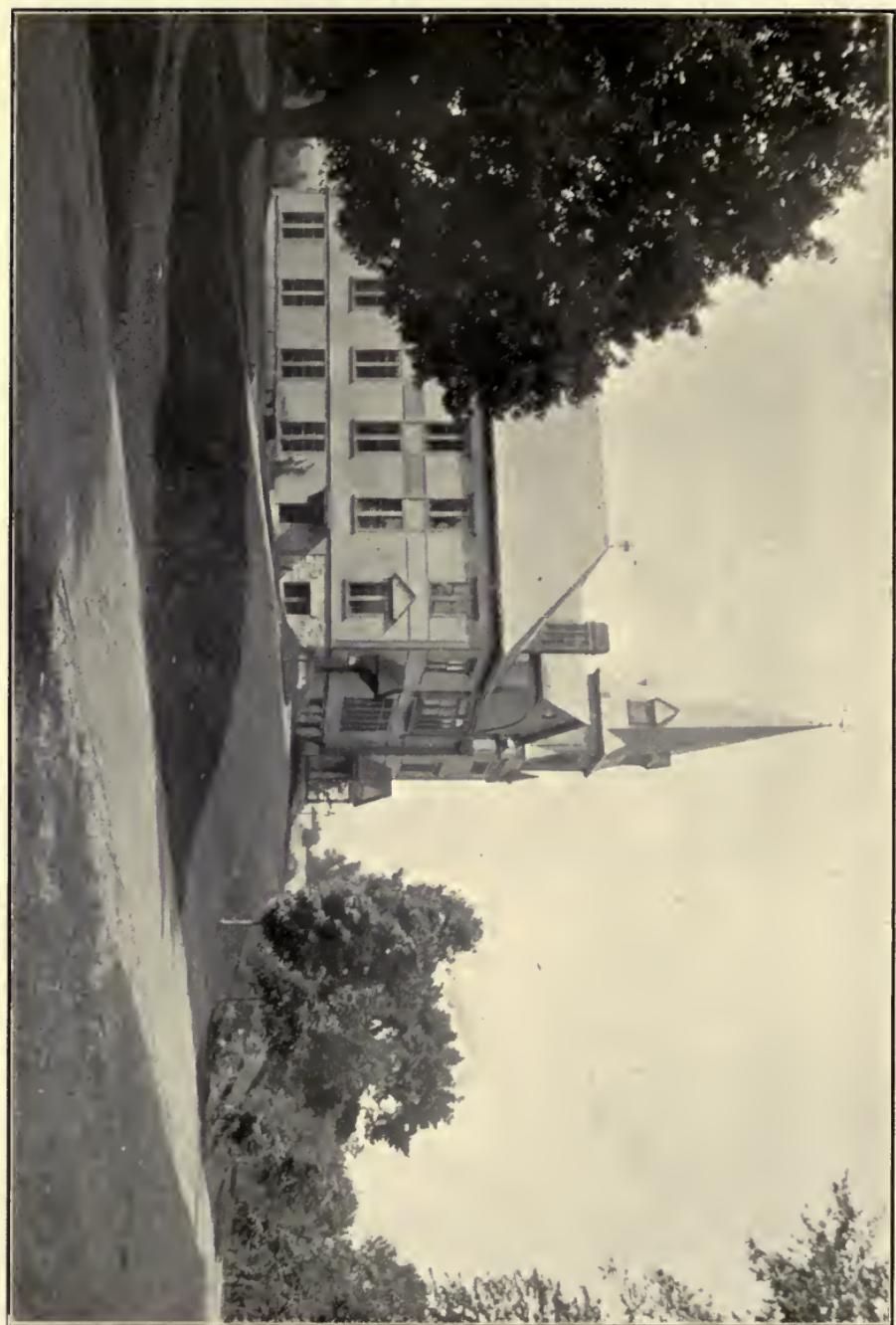
"WHEN WE WERE IN BELFAST there was a man who heard about leading souls to Christ. He began by talking to his wife, and to his servant, and to his children, and just as we were leaving Belfast they were very much interested, but not converted. He came down to Dublin—broke up his home, left his business and came to Dublin. One night he came to me very joyous, and he says, 'My wife has been converted.' A little while after he came and said, 'My younger son has been converted,' and a little while after he said, 'My oldest son has been converted.' And now the whole family is in the ark. And he came over to Manchester, and he came up to London, and now, perhaps, in all Belfast there is not one that works harder than that whole family. Look at this man's success. He found his work was right there in his own household, and if the fathers and mothers and sisters and wives and brothers will try to bring the members of their families to Christ, and cry, 'Oh, God, teach me what my work is,' the Spirit of God will surely tell them what their work is, and then if they are ready to go and do it there will be thousands converted in this city in a few days. Oh, may the Spirit of the Lord come upon us tonight, and may every one of us be taught by the Holy Ghost what our work is, and may we be ready to do it.



A VIEW OF CONNECTICUT RIVER AND BERKSHIRE HILLS FROM AUDITORIUM HALL, NORTHFIELD.

MARYLAND INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE. IN THIS BUILDING MR. MOODY CONDUCTED MOST OF HIS EVANGELISTIC SERVICES DURING HIS GREAT REVIVAL IN BALTIMORE.





MR. MOODY'S CHURCH, NORTHFIELD.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIBRARY, GYMNASIUM, MARQUAND STONE HALL, NORTHFIELD.

"I REMEMBER HEARING OF A PERSON THAT WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO DO SOME GREAT THING FOR THE LORD, and because he could not do a great thing he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time, he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel: 'What is this stone left out for?' The angel replied, 'That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you.' He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God, and that man always worked faithfully after that.

"WHEN I WAS AT MR. SPURGEON'S HOUSE he showed me some pictures of his twin boys. He had had them taken every year since they were born, and they were then seventeen. You look at the pictures from year to year, and there is not much difference between them, but in the seventeen years there is a great difference. So with you young converts; there is not much difference in you from year to year, but, as you grow in grace, in

the course of seventeen years there will be a very great change. You want to grow from week to week, from month to month and from year to year steadily, so you will become stronger in the service of God. 'God is able to make all grace abound toward you.'

"IT IS THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF LIVING TO WIN SOULS TO CHRIST, and it is a pleasure that angels can't enjoy. It is sometimes a wonder to me that God doesn't take the work out from the church and give it to the angels. If the redeemed saints could come by the bar, I sometimes think they would rejoice in coming back here to have the privilege of leading one more soul to Christ. Isn't it high time that the church got awake from its midnight slumber? It is time the work was commenced, and when the Spirit of God revives it, shan't we go and do it? Are there not five thousand Christians in this hall, and ain't there some one among them that can lead a soul to Christ within the next week? If we work, what a great army can be brought in, if we are only faithful. I want to say to the Christians here that there is one rule I have followed that has helped me wonderfully. I made it a rule that I wouldn't let a day pass without speaking to some one about their soul's salvation, and if they didn't hear the Gospel from the lips of others, there will be three hun-

dred and sixty-five in a year that shall hear the Gospel from my lips. There are five thousand Christians here tonight; can't they say, 'We won't let a day pass without speaking a word to some one about the cause of Christ.'

"ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO I GOT INTO A COLD STATE. It did not seem as if there was any unction resting upon my ministry. For four long months God seemed to be just showing me myself. I found I was ambitious. I was not preaching for Christ; I was preaching for ambition. I found everything in my heart that ought not to be there. For four months a wrestling went on within me, and I was a miserable man. But after four months the anointing came. It came upon me as I was walking in the streets of New York. Many a time I have thought of it since I have been here. At last I had returned to God again, and I was wretched no longer. I almost prayed in my joy, 'Oh, stay Thy hand.' I thought this earthen vessel would break. He filled me so full of the Spirit. If I have not been a different man since, I do not know myself. I think I have accomplished more in the last four years than in all the rest of my life. But, Oh, it was preceded by a wrestling and a hard struggle! I think I had never got out of this miserable selfishness. There was a time

when I wanted to see my little vineyard blessed, and I could not get out of it; but I could work for the whole world now. I would like to go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Saviour's love.

"**THERE WAS A LADY THAT CAME TO LIVERPOOL TO SEE US PRIVATELY;** it was just before we were about to leave that city to go up to London to preach. With tears and sobs, she told a very pitiful story. It was this: She said she had a boy nineteen years of age who had left her. She showed me his photograph, and asked me to put it in my pocket. 'You stand before many and large assemblies, Mr. Moody. My boy may be in London now. Oh, look at the audiences to whom you will preach; look earnestly. You may see my dear boy before you. If you do see him, tell him to come back to me. Oh, implore him to come to his sorrowing mother, to his deserted home. He may be in trouble; he may be suffering. Tell him, for his loving mother, that all is forgiven and forgotten, and he will find comfort and peace at home.' On the back of this photograph she had written his full name and address; she had noted his complexion, the color of his eyes and hair; why he had left home, and the cause of his so doing. 'When you preach, Mr. Moody, look for my poor boy,' were the parting words of that mother. That

young man may be in this hall tonight. If he is I want to tell him that his mother loves him still. I will read out his name, and if any of you ever hear of that young man, just tell him that his mother is waiting with a loving heart and a tender embrace for him. His name is Arthur P. Oxley of Manchester, England. All who have got children around you and about you, and can feel the pangs that agitate the breasts of these families whose chief joys and delights are gone, lift up your hearts to God for this erring father and for this wandering boy. If they be anywhere yet on the face of the earth, pray to God that He will turn their hearts and bring them back.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

YOUNG MEN URGED TO DECIDE FOR GOD.

1 Kings xviii, 21: "And Elijah came unto all the people and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word."

We found in this portion of the Word of God that Elijah was calling the people of Israel back, or he was calling them to a decision as to whether they were for God or Baal, and a great many were halting between two opinions. A great many are talking—a great many are taking their stand for and a great many against Him. Now, what will you do? I will divide this audience into two portions—one against and one for Him. It seems to me a practical question to ask an audience like this, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." A man who is undecided about any question of any magnitude never has any comfort, never has any peace. Not only that, but we don't like a man who cannot decide upon a question. I like men of decision, and firmly believe that more men are lost by indecision than by anything else. It is a question whether I am not talking to many men who intend some day to settle this question. Probably everyone here intends to make Heaven his home, but Satan is trying to get you to put off the settlement of the question till it will be too late. If he can only get men to put off till the "tomorrow," which never comes, he has accomplished all he wants. How many in this audience have promised some friend years ago that they would settle this question? Perhaps you said you would do so when you came of age. That time

has gone with some of you, and it has not been settled. Some have reached thirty, some forty, and others have reached fifty years, their eyes are growing dim, and they are hastening toward eternity, and this is not settled with them yet. Some of you have promised dying brothers that you would meet them in that world; some have promised dying wives that you would see them in that land of light, and again others have given their word to dying children that you would meet them in Heaven. Years have rolled away, and still you have not decided. You have kept putting it off week by week and year by year. My friends, why not decide tonight? "How long halt ye between two opinions?" If the Lord be God, serve Him; if not, turn your backs upon Him. It seems to me a question every man can settle if he will. You like those grand old characters in the Bible who have made a decisive stand. Look at Moses! The turning point in his life was when he decided to give up the gilded court of Pharaoh and cast his lot with God's people. You will find that every man who has left a record in the Bible has been a man of decision. What made Daniel great? It was because he was a man of decision. What saved the prodigal? It was not his coming home. The turning point was when he decided the question: "I will arise and go to my father." It was the decision of the young man that saved him. Many a man has been lost because of indecision. Look at Felix, look at Agrippa. Felix said, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee." See what Agrippa said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Look at Pilate—all lost; lost because of their indecision. His mind was thoroughly convinced that Jesus was the true Christ; he said, "I find no fault in Him," but he did not have the courage to take his stand for Him. Thousands have gone down to the caverns of death for want of courage. My friends, let us look this question in the face. If there is anything at all in the religion of Christ, give everything for it. If there is nothing in it—if it is a myth, if our mothers who have prayed over us have been deceived, if the praying people of the last

eighteen hundred years have ben deluded—let us find it out. The quicker the better. If there is nothing in the religion of Christ, let us throw it over and eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. If there is no devil to deceive us, no hell to receive us, if Christianity is a sham, let us come out like men and say so. I hope to live to see the time when there will be only two classes in this world—Christians and infidels—those who take their stand bravely for Him and those who take their stand against Him. This idea of men standing still and saying, "Well, I don't know, but I think there must be something in it," is absurd. If there is anything in it, there is everything in it. If the Bible of our mothers is not true, let us burn it. Is there one in this audience who is willing to say and to do this? If it is a myth, why spend so much money in publishing it? Why send out millions of Bibles to the nations of the earth? Let us destroy it if it is false, and all those institutions giving the Gospel to the world. What is the use of all this waste of money? Let us burn the book and send up a shout over its ashes. "There is no God; there is no hell; there is no Heaven; there is no hereafter. When men die, they die like dogs in the street!" But, my friends, if it is true—if Heaven, if a hereafter, if the Bible is true, let us come out boldly, like men, for Christ. Let us take our stand, and not be ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Why, it seems to me a question that ought to be settled in this nineteenth century easy enough, whether you are for or against Him or not. Why, if Baal be God, follow him; but if the Lord be God, follow Him. If there is no truth in the religion of Jesus Christ, you may as well tear down all your churches, destroy your hospitals, your blind asylums. It's a waste of money to build them. Baalites don't build blind asylums, don't build hospitals, don't build orphan asylums.

If there had been no Christians in the world there would have been no charitable institutions. If it hadn't been for Christianity you would have had no praying mothers. Is it true that their prayers have exercised a pernicious influence? Is it true that a boy who had a praying father and mother, or a

good teacher, is no better off than a boy who has been brought up amid blasphemy and infamy? Is it true? It must be either one way or the other. Did bad men write the Bible? Certainly not, or they wouldn't have consigned themselves to eternal perdition. The very fact that the Bible has lived and grown during these eighteen hundred years is a strong proof that it came from God. Men have tried to put it out of the world; they have tried to burn it out of the world, but they have failed. It has come down to us—down these eighteen hundred years, amid persecution, and now we are in a land where it is open to all, and no man need be without one. What put it into the minds of those men who give money liberally to print and circulate this book? Bad men wouldn't do this. This is a question that, it seems to me, could be decided tonight. If it is not good, then take your stand. If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if God be Baal, then follow him. Some one asked Alexander how he conquered the world, and he replied that he conquered it by not delaying. If you want to conquer the devil you must not delay—accept eternal life as a gift.

Let us take the surroundings of this text. We are told that Elijah stood before Ahab and told him, because of the evil deeds of Israel and the king, there would no rain come upon the land for three years and a half. After that Elijah went off to Brook Cherith, where he was fed by the ravens, after which he went to Zarephath, and there dwelt with a poor widow for months and months. Three years and a half rolled away, and not one drop of rain or dew had come from Heaven. Probably when Elijah told the king there would be no rain he laughed at him. The idea that he should have the key of Heaven! He scouted the very idea at first. But after a little it became a very serious matter. The brooks began to dry up, the cattle could not get water, the crops failed the first year, the next year they were worse, the third year they were even a worse failure, and the people began to flee out of his kingdom to get food, and yet they did not call upon Elijah's God. They had four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and four hundred prophets of the

groves, and yet all their prayers did not bring rain. Why did they not ask God for rain? Baal was not an answerer of prayer. The devil never answers prayer. If prayer has ever been answered it has been answered by the God of our fathers, by the God of our mothers. After Elijah had been gone three and a half years he returned and met Obadiah, the governor of the king's house, and Ahab said: "You go down that way and I'll go down this way, and see if we can't discover water." They hadn't been separated long when Obadiah met Elijah and asked him to come to the king. The prophet told him to go and say to Ahab, "Elijah is here." But Obadiah did not want to leave him. "If I lose sight of you this time, when the king knows you have stepped through my lands it may cost me my life. Don't you know I've been a servant of the true God all the time, and I've had a hundred of the prophets of the Lord in a cave? If you don't come I will lose my life." Elijah told him to go and bring Ahab, and instead of Elijah going to Ahab, Ahab comes to him. When the king came he said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" That is the way with men; they bring down the wrath of God upon themselves, and then blame God's people. A great many people are blaming God for these hard times. Look on the millions and millions of money spent for whiskey. Why, it is about time for famine to strike the land. If men had millions of money it wouldn't be long before all the manhood would be struck out of them. Now, the people of Israel had gone over to Baal; they had forgotten the God that brought them out of Egypt, the God of Jacob and Abraham and of their fathers. "Now," says Elijah, "let's have this settled. Let some of your people make an offering to their god on Mount Carmel, and I will make an offering to my God, and the God that answers by fire will be the God." The king agreed, and the day arrives. You can see a great stir among the people that day; they are moving up to Mount Carmel. By and by Ahab comes up in his royal carriage, and those four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and four hundred prophets of the groves made a great impression. Dressed in priestly robes,

they move solemnly up that mountain. The king has swept along in his chariot, and perhaps passed by the poor priest Elijah, who comes slowly up, leaning upon his staff, his long, white hair streaming about his shoulders. People don't believe in sensations. That was one of the greatest sensations of their age. What is going to happen? No doubt the whole nation had been talking about Elijah, and when he came to that mountain the crowd looked upon him as the man who held the key of Heaven. When he came up he addressed the children of Israel. Perhaps there were hundreds of thousands. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if he be Baal, then follow him; and the people answered not a word." These eight hundred and fifty prophets made a great impression upon them, and the king was afraid, too. These people are just like a great many now; they are afraid to go into the inquiry-room for what people will say. If they do go in, they get behind a post, so that they can't be seen. They are afraid the people in the store will find it out and make fun of them. Moral courage is wanted by them, as it was wanted by those people. How many among us have not the moral courage to come out for the God of our mothers? They know these black-hearted hypocrites around them are not to be believed. They know these men who scoff at their religion are not their friends, while their mothers will do everything for them. The truest friends we can have are those who believe in Christ. "And the people answered not a word. Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord, but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them, therefore, give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under it; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under it. And call ye on the name of your God, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and the God that answereth by fire let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken. "Yes, sir, that's right. We'll stand by that decision." They built an altar and

laid their bullock on it, and began to cry to Baal, "O Baal! O Baal! Baal! Baal!" No answer. They cry louder and louder, but no answer comes. They pray from morning till noon, but not a sound. Elijah says, "Louder; you must pray louder. He must be on a journey. He must be asleep; he must be on a journey or asleep." They cry louder and louder. Some people say it don't matter what a man believes so long as he is in earnest. These men were terribly in earnest. No Methodists shout as they did. They cry as loud as their voices will let them, but no answer. They take their knives and cut themselves in their earnestness. Look at those four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and four hundred prophets of the grove, all covered with blood as they cry out in their agony. They have no God. Young man, who is your master? Whom do you serve? If you are serving Baal, I tell you if ever you get into trouble he will not answer you. No answer came. Three o'clock came, the hour for the evening sacrifice, and Elijah prepared his altar. He would have nothing to do with the altar of Baal. He merely took twelve stones, representing the twelve tribes of Israel, and built his altar, and laid his bullock on. No doubt some skeptic said he had some fire concealed in his garment, for he digs a trench all around it to hold water. Then he tells them to bring four barrels of water, and empties them over his sacrifice. Four more barrels are brought and thrown on the bullock, making eight, and then four barrels more are added, making twelve in all. Then there lies that bullock, dripping with water, and Elijah comes forward. Every ear and eye is open. Those bleeding Baalites look at him. What is going to be the end of it? He comes forward, calm as a summer evening. He prays to the God of Isaac and Abraham—when, behold, look! look! down it comes—fire from the very throne of God and consumes the wood, and the stones, and the sacrifice, and the people cry, "The Lord is God," The question is decided. The God that answereth by fire is the God of man. My friends, who is your God now? The God who answers prayer, or have you no God?

I can imagine some of you saying, "If I had been on Mount Carmel and seen that, I would have believed it." But I will tell you of a mount on which occurred another scene. That was a wonderful scene, but it does not compare with the scene on Calvary. Look there! God's own beloved Son hanging between two thieves and crying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Talk about wonderful things. This has been the wonder of ages. A man once gave me a book of wonderful things. I saw a good many wonders in it, but I did not see anything so wonderful in it as the story of the cross. My friends, see His expiring look; see what happened. The very rocks were rent; the walls of the temple were rent, and all nature owned its God. The sun veiled its face and darkness fell over the earth when the Son of Man expired on Mount Calvary. Where can you find a more wonderful sight than this? Those Israelites lived on the other side of the cross; we lived on this side of it. If a man wants proof of His Gospel, look around this assembly. See men who thirty days ago were slaves, bound hand and foot to some hellish passion which was drawing them to hell. What a transformation there is. All things seem changed to them. Is not this the power of God? Said a young convert to me today: "It seems as if we were living in the days of miracles, and the Son of God is coming down and giving men complete victory over lusts and passion." That is what the Son of God does for men, and yet, with all the proofs before their eyes, men are undecided.

What is it that keeps you from your decision? I wish I had time to tell you many of the reasons. Hundreds of thousands of men are thoroughly convinced, but they lack moral courage to come out and confess their sins. Others are being led captive by some sin. They have got some darling sin, and as long as they hold on to it there is no hope. A man, the other day, said he would like to become a Christian, but he had a bet upon the election, and he wanted that settled first. He did not think that he might die before that was decided. Eternity is drawing on. Suppose we die without God, without hope, without ever-

lasting life; it seems to me it would have been better never to have been born. My friends, I ask you, why not come out like men? Say, "Cost what it will, I will accept Jesus." Now, have moral courage. Come. How many of you are thoroughly convinced in your minds that you ought to be Christians? Now, just ask yourselves the question, "What hinders me; what stands in my way?" I can imagine some of you looking behind you to see how the one sitting there looks. If he seems serious, you look serious; if he laughs, you will laugh, and come to the conclusion that you'll not accept Him. You think of your companions, and you say you cannot stand their jeers. Is not that so? Come. Trample the world under your feet and take the Lord, cost what it will. Say, "by the grace of God I will serve Him from this hour." Turn your backs upon hell, and set your faces toward Heaven, and it will be the best night of your lives. Have you ever seen a man who accepted Christ regret it? You cannot find a man who has changed masters and gone over to Christ who has regretted it. This is one of the strongest proofs of Christianity. Those who have never followed Him only regret it. I have seen hundreds dying, when in the army and when a missionary, and I never saw a man who died conscious but who regretted if he had not lived a Christian life. My friends, if you accept Him tonight it will be the best hour of your life. Let this night be the best night of your lives. Let me bring this to your mind, if you are lost it will be because you do not decide. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." How many men in this assembly want to be on the Lord's side? Those who want to take their stand on the side of the true God, rise.

CHAPTER LX.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Luke ii, 10: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

It seems to me as if everyone ought to be lifted up—their hearts ought to be lit up with joy today. I suppose millions of people have read this second chapter of Luke, and many eyes have fallen upon this verse, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," and their hearts have been filled with peace and joy. I have often wondered what God could have given us in the place of Christ; what better gift He could have given us? Suppose He had given us the choice ourselves; what could we have selected better? How many of you have been wondering what you will give your children as presents! You have been puzzled what to give them that would suit them best, and you have listened to their conversations, to hear if you could catch what they would like. You have listened to all their wants, and perhaps you've gone and bought these things, and have them hid away in your houses now, and tomorrow they will be brought out. God looked at us, and He found in every heart there was written want, want, and He saw what we wanted (and that was His own Son), and He gave us just what every one of us needs. Some one has said that if a man had chosen something himself, from Adam all the way down, he could not have selected anything better than a Saviour. There is nothing that could be chosen in comparison to Him. God saw what we needed, and He never makes a mistake. It is just what every

man, woman and child in this city needs. Not a woman in this building can get into the kingdom of God without taking this gift. Therefore, it is good tidings when we read, "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour." He is a gift to everyone here. God gave Him up freely to us all, and all we've got to do is to take Him.

You remember, during the war, we used to pray for peace. You could not go into a church but you heard the cry going up, "Peace, peace." In every home where there was a family altar the prayer was "Peace." That's just what we all want. Now, these angels told the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem that they had brought peace. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." And how that ought to fill every soul with gladness. There is no true peace, true joy, till He comes into our hearts. We cannot have it unless He has entered our soul. We have in this text the announcement that this gift is ready for us; therefore it is good tidings. Every thirsty soul in this building will have peace if they will only take Him, because that is what He came to bring. When we had war in this country with England, and everything looked dark for the people of these shores, you remember how some commissioners sailed to see if they could not bring about a reconciliation. They had been absent six months—and you know we hadn't any cable in those days, or fast steamers sailing every few days—and the people hearing no news from them, things began to look very dark. It looked as if they were not going to have a reconciliation, as if they were not going to have peace, but a long war. You know the colonies were very weak, and they dreaded to have a continuance of the war. At last the news came that the vessels were off Sandy Hook, and the people were anxious for the commissioners to arrive, so that they could learn whether the war was ended. The news spread through the city that day that they were coming, but the day passed into the night, and it looked as if the vessels would not be able to reach port before morning. So the people went to bed. But the vessels came up, and



MR. MOODY OUT DRIVING.

MT. VERNON PLACE METHODIST CHURCH, BALTIMORE, WHERE MR. MOODY OFTEN PREACHED.





Y. M. C. A., BALTIMORE, WHERE MR. MOODY HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS
DURING THE GREAT REVIVAL MEETING IN BALTIMORE.



MARQUAND HALL, NORTHFIELD.

these men had good news, and the boats were lowered. The commissioners stepped into the boats, and the sailors, in the darkness, pulled for the shore. When they got within hearing distance they could not contain themselves, and cried, "Peace, peace," and the men took up the glad news and ran up one street and down another shouting, "Peace, peace," and men, women and children, too, came from their homes and took up the cry, and it echoed through the city. The cannon were booming, bells were ringing, and all New York was full of the joy of that peace. It was what the people wished. The war was over, peace was brought, and the English army was withdrawn, and we had peace in this blessed land for nearly a century. If we have been at war with Him, here is reconciliation today. Yes, my friends, it is good-will to men. If you have been at enmity with Him, bear in mind that our enmity can cease today. We can be reconciled unto Himself, we can have peace for time and eternity, for "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour."

If God does not want us reconciled to Himself, why did He send Christ? What did He leave Heaven for if He did not want to bring peace and reconciliation to men? He came for this purpose, and we, as His commissioners, ask you to be reconciled to Him. How sweet it is to be reconciled to God—to be at perfect peace with Him! You who have been at war with God all your lives, you who have been at war with your neighbors, with your friends, with yourselves, will you not accept His peace now? What would be more acceptable to a man in prison than his liberty? I remember, while in England, I was told of a man who was to be hung at 8 o'clock upon a certain morning. The black flag was waving from the prison in the heart of the town where he was incarcerated. A great many of the ministers in the churches had for their subject this condemned man. Everybody was talking about the execution, and the whole town was excited. The black flag raised upon the prison told them that a man was to be launched into eter-

nity. Thousands were praying for him, a great many were weeping, for he was a man who had been very much liked by some. They had sent petitions to the Queen, but without any effect so far. Perhaps the gallows was erected inside the prison, as it is here, and the poor captive heard the carpenters at work, and as they struck blow upon blow it seemed to be upon his breast, for every nail driven in brought him nearer to his doom. Now the hour is approaching. The day preceding his execution passes into night, and darkness hangs over that prison. How dark it must have been in that cell that night! Next morning he knew he was to die upon the gallows. That night about midnight he heard the footfalls of the sheriff coming near his door. He knew the hour had not yet arrived, and he began to tremble. "Is he coming before my time to take me out and execute me?" The door was unlocked, and the sheriff said to the condemned man, "I bring you good news—I bring you a pardon from the Queen." What do you think would be the feelings of that man? Wouldn't he rejoice? My friends, the black flag of death may be waving over you, and hell rejoicing that you will soon be there, but Christ comes with a pardon today by which your sins are blotted out—by which all your iniquities are taken away, by which you will become as a child of God and be made meet for His kingdom. Is not this good news? If anyone here is living under sin, you are condemned, but you can receive a pardon, for light has come into the world. The Son of Man has come into the world, and you are offered a pardon as a Christmas gift. Will you take it? or will you send back an insulting message to God, saying that you don't want Him as the Saviour of sinners; that you don't feel any need of Him; that you've no room for Him? My friends, He has come with a gift by which everyone is liberated from sin if they will only accept it.

Look at that prison in Jerusalem where Barabbas was confined. He had been tried and sentenced, and he was to die the death of the cross. He was a noted prisoner, and you know it was only the worst prisoners who died the death of the cross.

You can see him as the day drew near. The day was set, and the hour was rolling on when he was to meet death and judgment, and you can see the poor man trembling at the thought. Strange news reaches him. He hears that Christ, the Galilean prophet, is going to be executed with him, and He is to be put between two thieves—He, the Prince of Peace. Then a rumor comes to him that Pilate is going to liberate Christ or himself, and he is going to let the people choose between them. And if some one had gone and told him this he would have said, "Why, of course, they will not choose Christ and allow me to be liberated. I have taken men's lives all my days, while He has given men life; I've robbed men of all they have, while He has only given them blessings; I've destroyed men's peace all my life, while He has only given men joy and happiness, and, of course, they will liberate Him." It might have been that he had a family living in Jerusalem, and in the morning before his execution his wife and children came to bid him farewell, and I've been told by executioners that the farewell between the family of the criminal and himself is one of the saddest things conceivable. Perhaps at a funeral you have seen a loving mother coming up and imprinting the last kiss upon the marble brow of her boy, and one member after another of the family comes and takes the last look. You know this is all very sad; but what is it to the grief of that heart-broken wife who bids farewell to her husband, who came into that cell in the Jerusalem prison, knowing that in a few hours he was to die on the cross. You can see him kiss her for the last time, and bidding farewell to each of his children, and they go never to see him again. Poor Barabbas! How he must have trembled; how he must have been full of sorrow and gloom as he looked forward to the death he was to die, and thought of those he was leaving behind. By and by he hears a footfall upon the corridor. Nearer and nearer it comes. "Are they going to take me to execution now?" he asks himself. The bolts are pulled, the door is swung open, and the sheriff cries out, "Barabbas, you are free; go where you please!" I can see

that poor, condemned man looking at the officer. "What! What do you tell me! I am free? Do you mean to say that the people have chosen Jesus of Nazareth to be executed instead of me?" "Yes, they have, and you are free." I can see him leaving that cell, and he goes down to his wife and children, and he draws that wife to his bosom. "I've got good news for you; I haven't only got my life prolonged, but I've got my liberty. Christ has died in my stead." That is the Gospel. Christ died for every sinner; as Paul says, "He died and gave Himself for me"—for each of us here. That's the glorious Gospel of substitution. He died "for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Will you walk out of this building today and say, "Christ is nothing to me; I see no beauty in Him; I see no reason why I should love Him?" God gave Him up for you. Not only was He given up for us and born in a manger and lived a life of toil and hardship, but He died an ignominious death. Say, young lady, would you rather live the life of the world—would you rather live a life of pleasure; would you rather have your darling sin than God's gift? Won't you today accept and make your peace for time and eternity? and this will be a joyful day for you.

Let me say here that I never knew one who accepted these glad tidings who was ever disappointed. Now, God does not offer us good tidings, and when we come to look, find it bad news. Very often we hear in the world something which we think is good news, but after a little we find out that it is very bad. It is not so with the Gospel,

CHAPTER —.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL AND KIND.

"Be good and you will be happy" was Moody's motto.

In a character sketch of the late Dwight L. Moody, contributed to the New York World recently by Lavinia Hart, she said:

There probably never was a man who accepted and practiced and instilled religion with so much cheerfulness and heart sunshine as Mr. Moody.

His life's aim has been to "never lose an opportunity to make somebody happy," and when opportunities did not offer he made them.

For forty years Mr. Moody has been in the business of making people happy." If he had expended the same amount of energy and ingenuity in any mercantile or professional line he would undoubtedly have accumulated a fortune. Instead, he is as poor today as when he started upon the career of an evangelist, except for the wealth of love and reverence and gratitude that rushes to him from thousands of hearts.

Mr. Moody's success has not been confined to America. In England he made a great stir, and the people of the London slums stopped and listened to this bright, fresh, hearty New Englander, who got down to their own level and extended a cordial, chubby hand in greeting, while he offered them a religion, not of sackcloth and ashes, but of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

Therein was the secret of Mr. Moody's success. He rose to his pulpit—and it was any pulpit, regardless of place or denomination—with a smile on his lips and in his eyes which gave

practical, living proof of what his religion had done for him. Creeds did not limit the scope of his work, for it is Mr. Moody's contention that Christ recognized no creeds, but "preached the Gospel to all men."

Pews were never empty, and their occupants never went to sleep when Moody preached, and people who never went to church, who boast of a "religion of their own," a "moral" religion, based on "common sense" and "things tangible," with a comfortable logic behind it, went to hear Moody preach and Sankey sing just to get inspiration from their cheerfulness and marvel at their faith.

I spent a day at his home in East Northfield, Mass. There are few dry eyes to be found in the vicinity, except Mrs. Moody's, whose fortitude and faith are a monument to the example of Mr. Moody's practical every-day life. Mrs. Moody's interest and help in her husband's work have always been of great service to him. During the five weeks of his illness she has scarcely left his side; yet with all the mental and physical strain there are no traces of tears in her patient eyes.

"I do not have time to weep," she said softly, for no one speaks above a whisper in the Moody home, "nor have I the inclination. I am confident he will recover, for he cannot yet be spared; there is so much work for him to do, and tears avail nothing, but faith avails much."

The very atmosphere of the Moody home bespeaks love and harmony. The house is a big white structure with green blinds, almost hidden by massive elms. There are dainty white chintz curtains at the windows, with fluted ruffles falling over boxes of bright flowers, and within there is something about the old-fashioned rockers and cushions and round tables and books and the cozy glow from open fires that makes one feel it is really a home.

The view from Mr. Moody's place is wonderfully good and restful to eyes grown used to narrow streets and pavements and chimney pots. A wide valley slopes from his house to the Connecticut river, and beyond are the Winchester hills, with

the Green mountains rising loftily behind them. Environment may have much to do with the tenor of the lives of the people of Northfield, which is a sort of wholesale establishment for the turning out of practical Christians. "The West Point of Christian Work" Mr. Moody calls it, and the schools were designed not only to give to young men and women who could not otherwise afford it a good preparatory college education, but also a practical Christian education. Life at the Northfield colleges was intended by Mr. Moody not to unfit men for the humbler occupations or women for the homely duties of wives and mothers, but rather to fit them to exalt these occupations. The college girl bred at Northfield is given an all-round education which embraces more than Greek and Latin and mathematics. She is taught to sew and sweep and cook, and she not only plans the best dinners for the least money, but proceeds to cook them and clear them away. Every girl at the Northfield College is compelled, whether rich or poor, to devote one hour a day to household duties, and they contend there is as much to learn about the proper cleansing of soiled cups and saucers as there is in the solving of mathematical problems, and that it is quite as important a factor in an all-round education.

One of Moody's favorite stories is about a converted miser to whom a neighbor in distress appealed for help. The miser decided to prove the genuineness of his conversion by giving him a ham. On his way to get it the tempter whispered, "Give him the smallest one you have." A mental struggle ensued, and finally the miser took down the largest ham he had. "You are a fool," the devil said, and the farmer replied, "If you don't keep still I'll give him every ham in the smokehouse!"

Mr. Moody believes in the efficacy of stories.

"Men will listen to a story," he says, "when they won't listen to Scripture, and the moral of a story remains with them a long time, and often sets them thinking along the lines they refuse to consider in sermon form."

Mr. Moody has been famous as a story-teller. He has never

been too busy to stop and listen to a joke, and retaliates in kind, no matter where he was, at his favorite work in the garden or driving to the schools with some of its produce. It was on one of these latter occasions, when he stopped to tell a joke, that a camera snapped and a picture was taken by Mr. Moody's nephew.

A CHARACTERIZATION.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D. D.

[In the *Congregationalist* of Boston, August 3, 1893, the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, an intimate friend of Mr. Moody and associated with him for many years in a multitude of Christian enterprises, wrote an appreciation of him, a portion of which may well be reprinted at this time.—EDITORS.]

Though Dwight L. Moody has been set apart by no council and has received no laying on of consecrating hands, he has yet exhibited such signs of an apostle that the whole Church of God has heard him gladly. How he began his Christian life and how he advanced step by step from the humblest to the highest Christian service is too well known to need rehearsing. Coming to Boston from his country home in Northfield to find employment, he was himself found by the Lord, and under the ministry of that gracious man of God, Dr. E. N. Kirk, he entered on his membership in the Christian Church. He was educated for the ministry by ministering in all ways and in all times to those needing help. We have heard him tell of his resolve, early made and persistently carried out, of allowing no day to pass without urging upon some soul the claims of Christ. Thus he learned to preach to the hundreds by preaching to the one. And no doubt much of the directness and point of his style is due to this habit of personal dealing with souls. In preaching it is easier to harangue a multitude than to hit a man. But he who knows how to do the latter has the highest qualification for doing the former. Personal preaching that has a "Thou art the man" at the point of every sermon needs only to be multiplied by one hundred or one thousand to become pop-

ular preaching of the best sort. This is the style of the eminent evangelist. He deals with the personal conscience in the plainest and most pungent Saxon, so that the common people hear him gladly and the uncommon people do not fail to give him their ears.

Yet his power does not lie altogether in his words, but quite as much in his administrative energy. Robert Hall was a preacher of transcendent genius, often producing an impression upon his hearers quite unmatched in the history of pulpit oratory. Yet the results of his ministry were comparatively meager; he was a great preacher, but not a great doer. On the contrary, John Wesley, by no means Hall's equal as a pulpit orator, because of his extraordinary executive gifts, moved a whole generation with a new religious impulse. In like manner, Spurgeon, by yoking a rare preaching talent with a not less remarkable working talent, and keeping the two constantly abreast, accomplished a ministry which for largeness of results and extent of influence has possibly no equal in recent centuries.

Mr. Moody is not an ordained minister, but he is more fortunate in being a preordained worker, as well as a foreordained preacher. A genius for bringing things to pass, a talent for organizing campaigns on a large scale, selecting co-workers with singular wisdom and placing them in the most advantageous positions—this is the notable thing which appears in the character and career of the evangelist. "The governor" is the name which we constantly heard applied to the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as he moved about among his congregation in London a few years ago. The American evangelist easily wins for himself the title of "general" among his fellow-laborers in the Gospel. He manages the campaign, not imperiously, indeed, but with such Napoleonic command of the situation and such mastery of resources that all his colaborers rejoice to yield him the pre-eminence.

We venture to say, indeed, that anyone who has been much at his headquarters will find here the greatest occasion for admiration. The number and extent of religious enterprises

which he can keep in hand at once, the thoroughness with which he can command every detail, the inspiration and cheer which he can put into a great army of workers gathered about him—this we have observed with a surprise that increases every year.

And with all this there is another talent which we have learned to value more and more in public men—a grand talent for silence. It is a rare thing for one to be as effective in saying nothing as he is in speaking. When a friend of Von Moltke was asked the secret of that great general's success in managing men, he replied, "He knew how to hold his tongue in seven different languages." Blessed is the man who can restrain his lips from speaking injudiciously, and his mouth that it utter no hasty word. In dealing with colablers endowed with all sorts and sizes of tempers this is an indispensable requirement. To push on the work steadily meantime, giving offense to none and holding the forces in order and harmony, is a great achievement. It requires a wise silence as well as a positive utterance to do this successfully.

A mightily energetic man is here and a singularly prudent man, one who generates great force by his preaching and his personality, but who knows at the same time how to prevent hot boxes on his train of religious enterprises by avoiding friction, which imprudent speech always genders.

MR. MOODY AT HOME.

BY REV. C. I. SCOFIELD.

[Congregationalist.]

Great as will be the universal sense of loss in the death of Dwight L. Moody, it is here in Northfield that he will be most acutely missed, most deeply mourned. It is not only that he was the founder of the noble institutions which remain to be his worthy monument and the pride of our village, nor even that his energy gathered here the great summer conventions which gave Northfield so wide a fame, but it is rather that his impressive personality filled and pervaded our Northfield life. Nowhere else was Mr. Moody so thoroughly understood as in Northfield. The elderly part of our people grew up with him, went to school with him, played and worked with him. They are full of reminiscences of his boyhood, and the testimony abounds that from his earliest years he was the same powerful spirit whom the world came to know as the greatest modern master of assemblies. "He was always a leader," said Deacon Edward Barber, his sometime playmate and life-long personal friend. Mr. Moody was a hill-town New Englander to the backbone. Wherever he went and however he might be surrounded by the great of the earth, he never lost that self-poise and that wholesome common sense which are so characteristic of the old hill-town stock. He never saw a landscape so fair that it seemed to him as lovely as Northfield. He was racy of the soil.

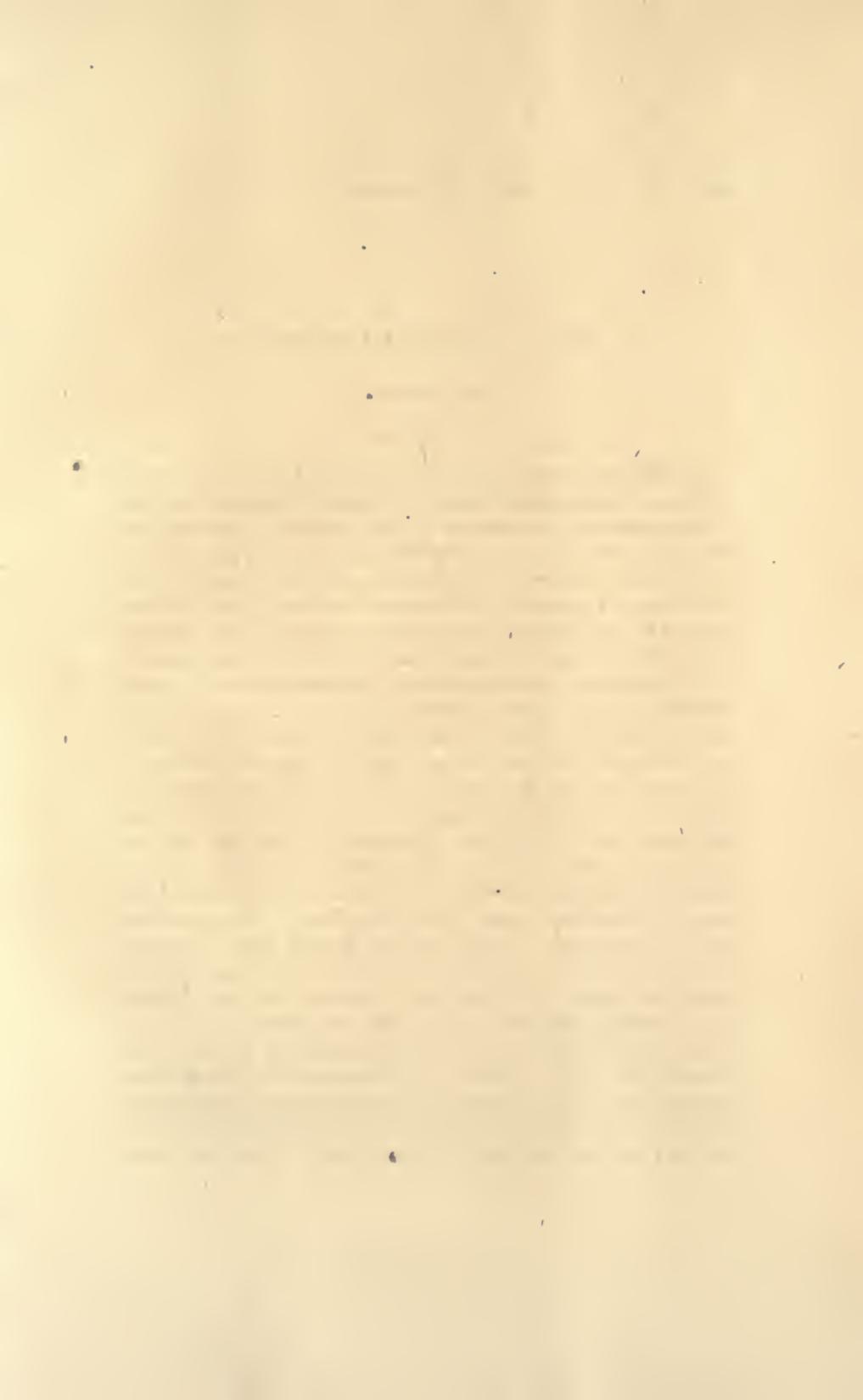
It was amusing to see Mr. Moody in the act of what he called resting. After months of exhausting toil in great meetings, he would return to Northfield to "rest." And this was the manner of it: When at home he always rose at 5 in the

morning, went to the kitchen for a cup of coffee, and then called for his buggy. By 6 he would be among the milkers at Mount Hermon, or in the kitchen where the breakfast of his students was preparing. If any especial work was afoot, he was sure to look it over, master every detail of it and give shrewd, practical suggestions. At 8 he was back in Northfield breakfasting with his family. For weeks together he would address the young ladies of the seminary at 9, then look over his huge mail, and finish the forenoon by driving again to Mount Hermon to speak to the boys at 11.

What his labors were during the great conventions, how shrewd, tactful and masterful he was, everybody knows. We knew that he was wearing himself out, but he smiled benignantly at our warnings and went right on.

Doubtless Dwight L. Moody was one of those primitive and elemental men, built on so great a scale that of right the whole world owned him, but we of Northfield knew him as the world never did, and mourn him as the world never can.

The Parsonage, East Northfield,



A FEW PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY H. A. B.

[*Congregationalist.*]

The last time I saw Mr. Moody was when Campbell Morgan, under his auspices, was holding meetings in Boston in October. Calling upon the latter at the Hotel Bellevue, I was ushered, not only into his presence, but that of the evangelist himself, his wife and his staunch coadjutor in all good labors, Henry M. Moore. I remember the interest with which Mr. Moody listened to Mr. Morgan's account of what his London church is doing in the way of evangelistic services on Sunday evenings. The conversation then drifted into a general discussion touching ways of winning the outsiders. It was plain that no subject interested Mr. Moody so profoundly as this. He was eager to learn about methods being employed here and there. I could see that the main reason why Mr. Moody feared the higher-criticism agitation was lest it should paralyze the spiritual power of the churches. It seemed to him that the new views often made ministers and laymen unspiritual, and he would not hesitate, in private conversation, to point to specific instances where that result could not be denied. I am glad that my last impression of him, received during what must have been his final visit to Boston, was of his tremendous earnestness in the matter of saving souls. It seems now as if he must have realized, even then, that the time was short.

Every great man is to be judged in part by the men who compose his circle of friends. In one sense Mr. Moody's personality was not a winsome one. He was often brusque, always decided in his manner, but this very straightforwardness and sincerity drew about him all types of men. Everyone knows

THE AUTHENTIC AND MEMORIAL EDITION.

Life, Work and Sermons of Moody,

By Rev. R. B. COOK, D. D., Author of the Life of Spurgeon, Life of Gladstone, Etc.,
— AND —

Rev. H. M. WHARTON, D. D.,

The Great Evangelist's Intimate Friend, Distinguished Author and Co-Worker of Mr. Moody.

The authors of this work have known Mr. Moody intimately for a number of years, having been his co-workers in a number of evangelistic meetings. Several years ago, Dr. Wharton published a work entitled "A Month With Moody" which had a very large sale. This work was published by the consent, assent and approval of Mr. Moody himself and his family, and this new work, "The Life, Work and Sermons of Moody," written by Dr. Cook and Dr. Wharton, will really be the only complete and authentic as well as official life of Mr. Moody published.

The public should not be deceived in buying so-called "Lives" of the great evangelist. Many of these books will be hastily published and made up mostly of newspaper clippings, unauthorized and unauthentic. Our book will be most carefully prepared and written, and has been in preparation for a number of months. It will be beautifully illustrated and sold at the remarkably low **introduction price of \$1.50**, although the **regular retail price will be \$2.00**. It will cover his great work in England and America. It will be full of anecdotes and illustrations of Mr. Moody's life and preaching. There is no Christian family in the United States that will not gladly buy a copy of this book, and it will undoubtedly be the greatest selling book issued by any publishing house. The book will also contain articles by some of Mr. Moody's most intimate friends and associates. An article written by Rev. Mr. Schofield, Mr. Moody's pastor at East Northfield, Mass., which first appeared in the "Congregationalist" at Boston, will be republished in this book.

A part of the proceeds from the sale of each book will be turned over to Mr. Moody's Schools at Northfield and Chicago.

REV. HENRY G. WESTON, D. D., a life-long friend of Mr. Moody, President of Crozier Theological Seminary,

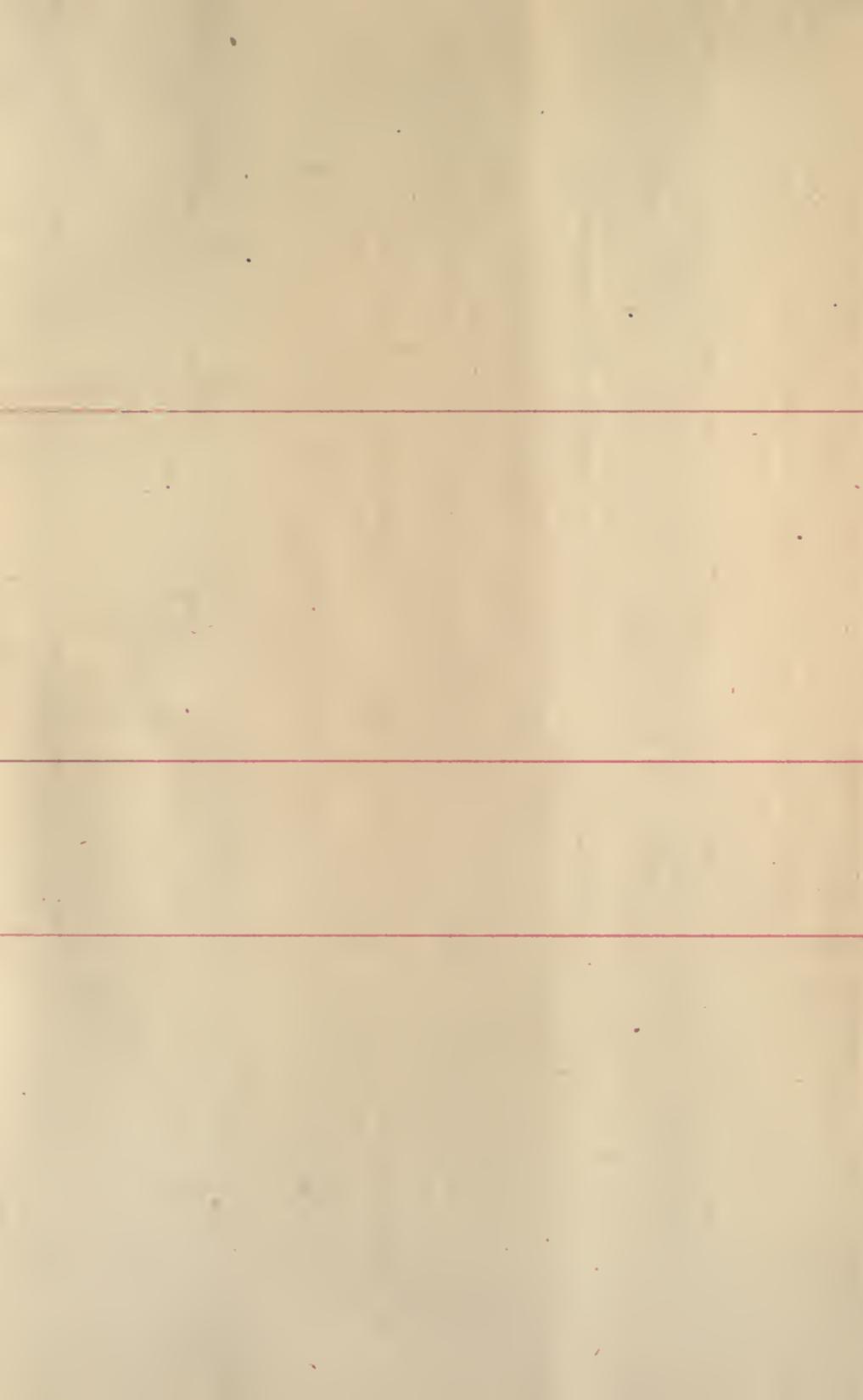
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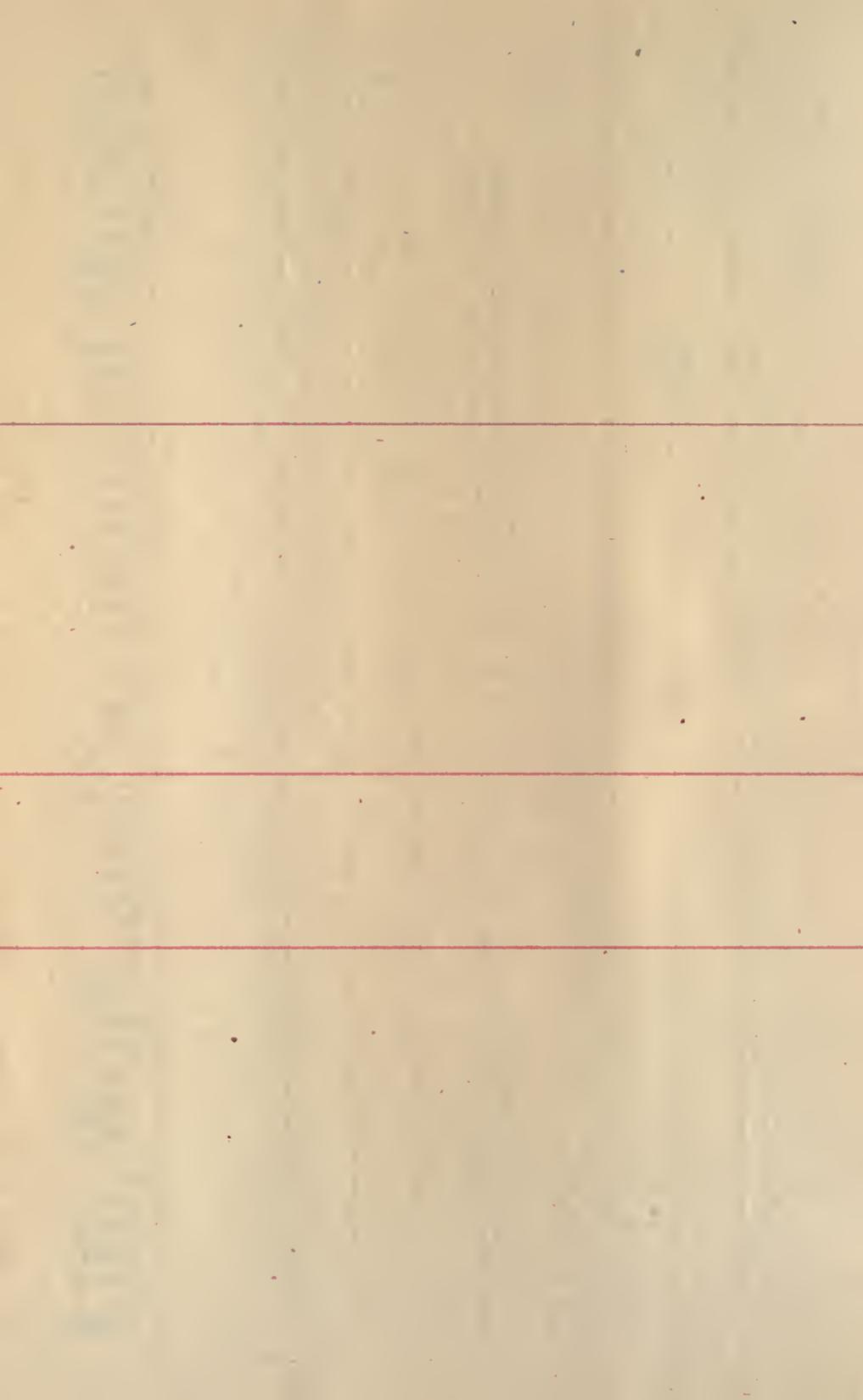
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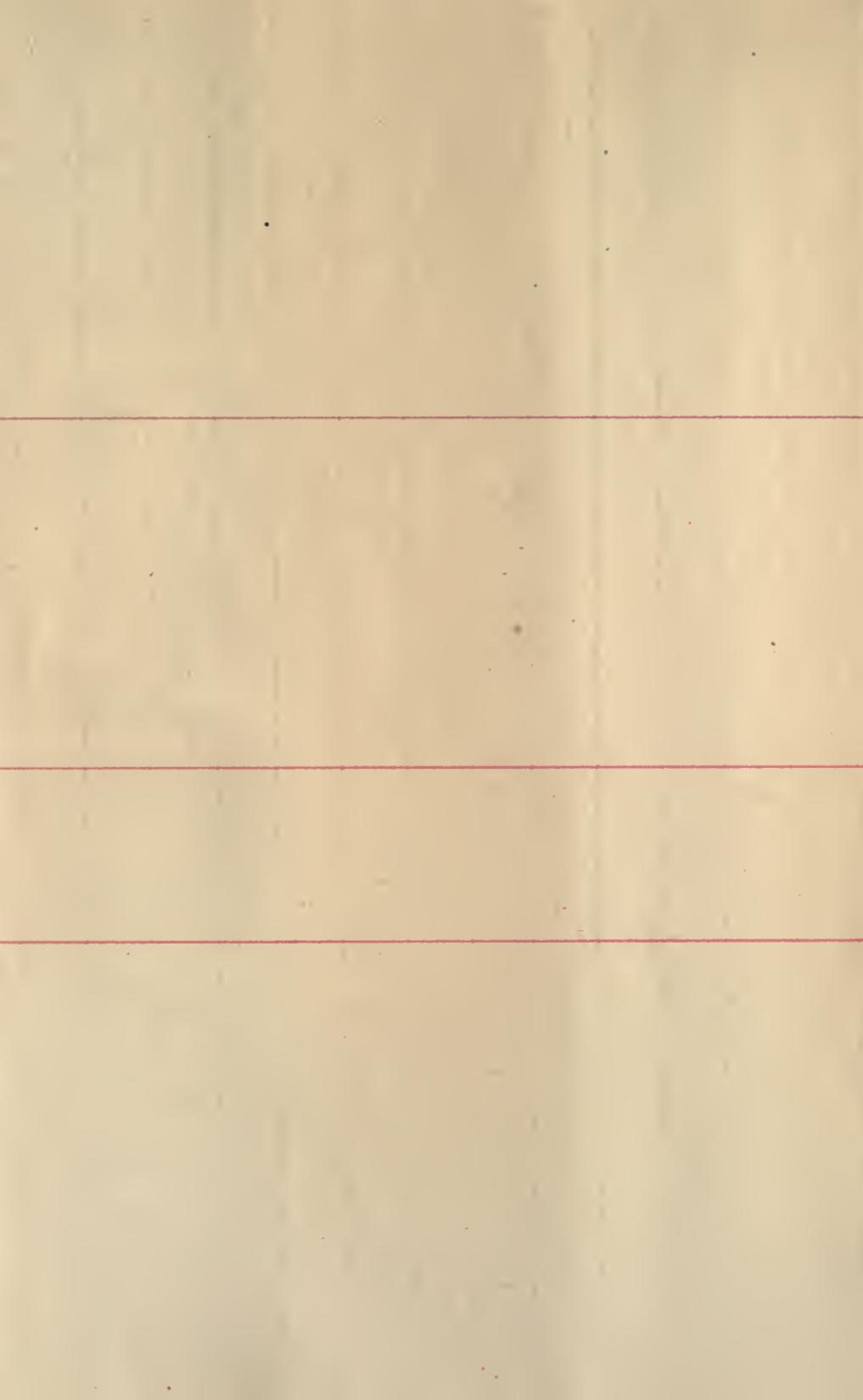
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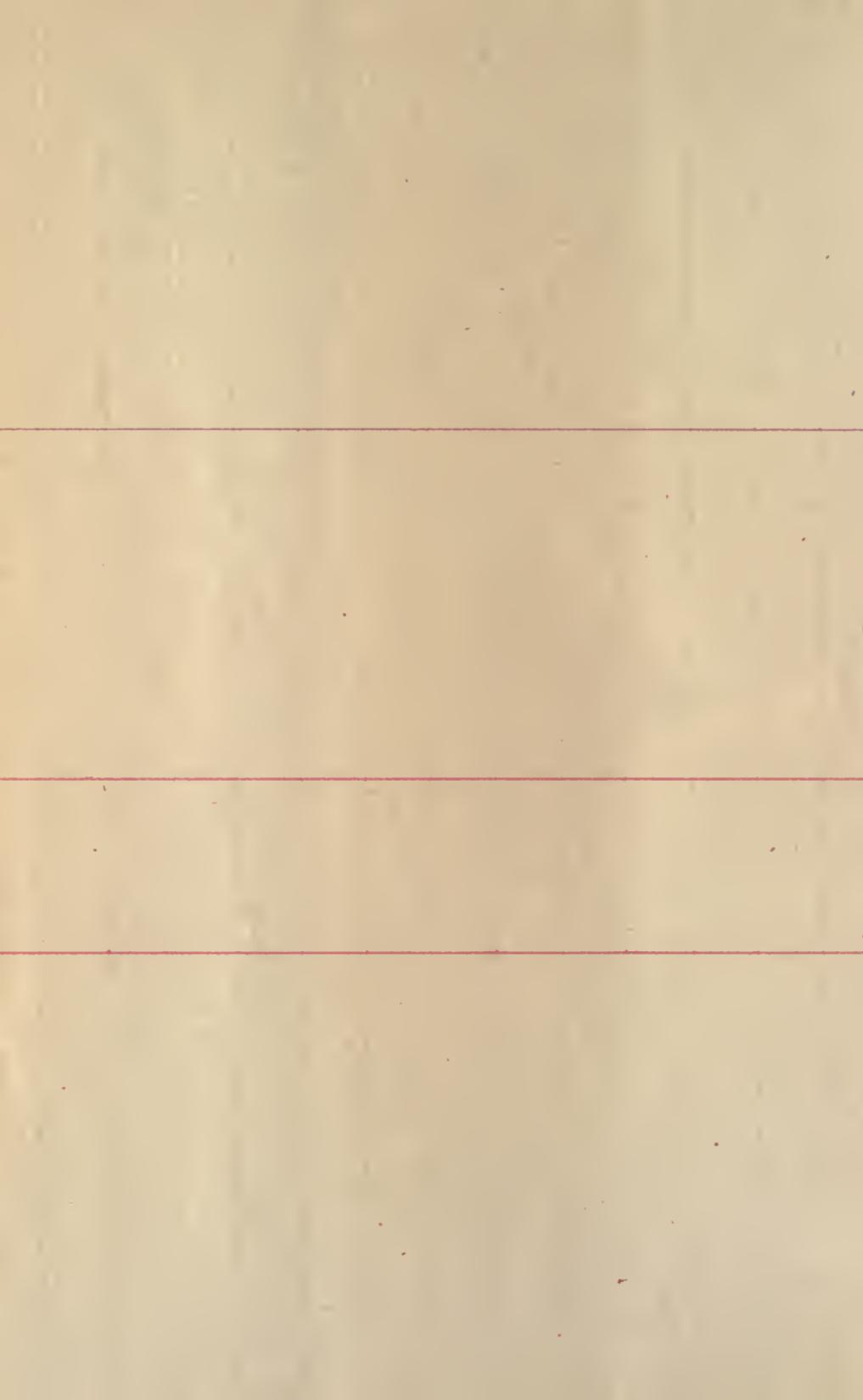
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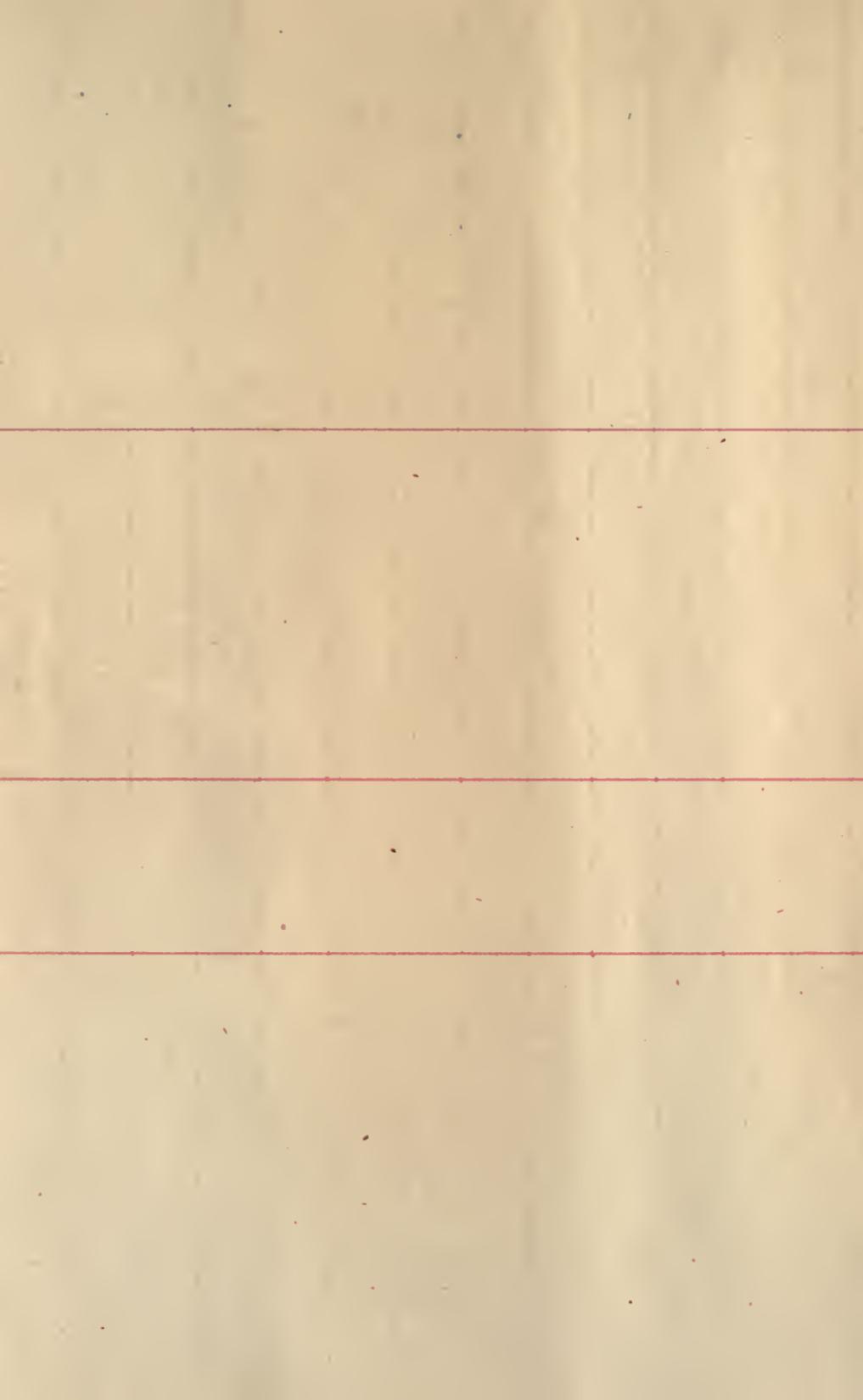
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